



Lady. "WELL, WHAT DO YOU WANT?"

Tramp. "LEDDY, BELIEVE ME, I'M NO ORDINARY BEGGAR. I WAS AT THE FRONT——"

Lady (with interest). "REALLY——"

Tramp. "YES, MA'AM; BUT I COULDN'T MAKE ANYBODY HEAR, SO I CAME ROUND TO THE BACK."

FIVE O'CLOCK TEA-CLASSES.

CONVERSATIONAL TEAS twice a week OFFERED by a Lady of high social position at her home to strangers, Americans, Colonials, and foreigners, for whom pleasant introductions are desirable; private interviews given to ladies who desire coaching on matters of high English etiquette and fashion.

Advertisement in morning paper, Nov. 21.

THIS seems to be a new variation. We all know the blameless A. B. C. tea patronised by country cousins after a hard day's work shopping or matineeing in town.

There is the institution known as a "high tea" (why high?) for those whose indigestion is robust enough to negotiate six o'clock beef and tannin from the pot.

A year or two ago we were deluged with "book teas" and "play teas," or "song teas," and other nursery devices for educating the middle-aged and teaching the old idea how to make wild shots at far-fetched rebuses.

For dipsomaniacs there is, we regret to say, the D. T.; and the strict Q. T. for persons of a secretive turn of mind.

And now a lady of high social position is in the market with bi-weekly "Conversational Teas." Is the accent on the Conversation or the Tea, we would ask. Are there any gratuities expected? Is anything given away with a pot of tea? Do you bring your own mug? Does the lady-autocrat at the tea-table give marks for

good behaviour? Does she "turn" you if you have failed to learn your small-talk correctly? Do you get a diploma (or a degree) at the end of the course if you pass the cake with honours? And is the "colonial" who comes out at the bottom of the tea-class rewarded with a Wooden Spoon? All these, and many other questions, present themselves to would-be students of "high English etiquette."

MANDARIN LO-FUN'S DIARY.

Monday.—Another demand from these troublesome allies. Want me to suppress rebels in my district. Must do something, I suppose. Will put up notice-board that if Boxers are found taking the field they will be had up for trespass.

Tuesday.—Foreign devils now demand punishment of high officials, simply because they ordered a few missionaries to be—removed. Most unreasonable. Plenty missionaries left. We never asked for missionaries. Surely, if tradesman sends you things you didn't order, you are entitled to either smash them or require him to take them away? Must consult CONFUCIUS'S teachings on subject.

Wednesday.—Foreign devils still pressing for punishment of high officials. Sent for HANG-HI-CHOP, and told him to bring in heads of four or five brace of coolie prisoners. Will send to Powers.

Thursday.—Powers still worrying me. Send in heads of two more coolies, labelled Prince TUAN and Prince CHING. Hope this will satisfy them.

Friday.—More demands. Really cannot attend to them to-day.

Saturday.—Foreign devils not receiving reply from me yesterday blew up walls of city. So much the worse for coolies, who will have to rebuild them. Allies threaten to take me on to a warship. Must get in further supply of coolie prisoners, and write out some more labels.

"IS THIS THE HEND?"

(Page from a Military Diary.)

Monday. The War practically at an end. Only a few thousand Boers showing fight in various directions.

Tuesday. Fighting completely ceased. Only a town or two taken and held by the enemy.

Wednesday. Peace nearly concluded. Only a British convoy attacked and captured.

Thursday. The last spark extinguished. Only a few scores of opponents bidding a large army defiance.

Friday. Everyone coming home. Only a garrison been retained to hold every inch of territory against all comers.

Saturday. The last day—absolutely. Only the probability of having to continue the defensive movement for an indefinite period on Monday.

A BAYARD FROM BENGAL.

Being some account of the Magnificent and Spanking Career of
Chunder Bindabun Bhosh, Esq., B.A. Cambridge.

By BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.

Calcutta University.

(Author of "Jottings and Tittlings," &c., &c.,)

CHAPTER XII.

A RACE AGAINST TIME.

There's a certain old Sprinter; you've got to be keen,
If you'd beat him—although he is bald,
And he carries a clock and a mowing-machine.
On the cinderpath "Tempus" he's called.

Stanza written to order by young English friend,
but (I fear) copied from Poet Tennyson.

AH! with what perfervid affection did Mr. BHOSH caress the neck of his precious horse! How carefully he searched her to make sure that she had sustained no internal poisonings or other dilapidations!

Thank goodness! He was unable to detect any flaw within or without—the probability being that the crafty Duchess did not dare to commit such a breach of decorum as to poison a Derby favourite, and thought to accomplish her fell design by leaving the mare as lost luggage and destroying the ticket-receipt.

But old Time had already lifted the glass to his lips, and the contents were rapidly running down, so Mr. BHOSH, approaching a railway director, politely requested him to hook a horsebox on to the next Epsom train.

What was his surprise to hear that this could not be done until all Derby trains had first absented themselves! With passionate volubility he pleaded that, if such a law of Medes and Persians was to be insisted on, *Milky Way* would infallibly arrive at Epsom several hours too late to compete in the Derby race, in which she was already morally victorious—until at length the official relented, and agreed to do the job for valuable consideration in hard cash.

Lackadaisy! after excavating all his pockets, our unhappy hero could only fork out wherewithal enough for third-class single ticket for himself, and he accordingly petitioned that his mare might travel as baggage in the guard's van.

I am not to say whether the officials at this leading terminus were all in the pay of the Duchess, since I am naturally reluctant to advance so serious a charge against such industrious and talented parties, but it is *nem. con.* that Mr. BHOSH's very reasonable request was nilled in highly offensive cut-and-dried fashion, and he was curtly recommended to walk himself and horse off the platform.

Que faire? How was it humanly possible for any horse to win the Derby race without putting in an appearance? And how was *Milky Way* to put in her appearance if she was not allowed access to any Epsom train? A less wilful and persevering individual than Mr. BHOSH would have certainly succumbed under so much red-tapery, but it only served to arouse BINDABUN'S monkey.

"How far is the distance to Epsom?" he inquired.

"Fourteen miles," he was answered.

"And what o'clock the Derby race?"

"About one p.m.

"And it is now just the middle of the day!" exclaimed BINDABUN. "Very well, since it seems *Milky Way* is not to ride in the railway, she shall cover the distance on shank's mare, for I will ride her to Epsom in *propria persona*!"

So courageous a determination elicited loud cheers from the bystanders, who cordially advised him to put his best legs foremost as he mounted his mettlesome crack, and set off with broken-necked speed for Epsom.

I must request my indulgent readers to excuse this humble

pen from depicting the horrors of that wild and desperate ride. Suffice it to say that the road was choked full with every description of conveyance, and that Mr. BHOSH was haunted by two terrible apprehensions, viz., that he might meet with some shocking upset, and that he should arrive the day after the fair.

As he urged on his headlong career, he was constantly inquiring of the occupants of the various vehicles if he was still in time for the Derby, and they invariably hallooed to him that if he desired to witness the spectacle he was to buck himself up.

Mr. BHOSH bucked himself up to such good purpose that, long before the clock struck one, his eyes were gladdened by beholding the summit of Epsom grand stand on the distant hill-tops.

Leaning himself forward, he whispered in the shell-like ear of *Milky Way*: "Only one more effort, and we shall have preserved both our bacons!"

But, alas! he had the mortification to perceive that the legs of *Milky Way* were already becoming tremulous from incipient grogginess.

* * * * *

And now, beloved reader, let me respectfully beg you to imagine yourself on the Epsom Derby Course immediately prior to the grand event. What a marvellous human farrago! All classes hobnobbing together higgledy-piggledy; archbishops with acrobats; benchers with bumpkins; counts with candlestickmakers; dukes with druggists; and so on through the entire alphabet. Some spectators in carriages; others on *terra firma*; flags flying; bands blowing; innumerable refreshment tents rearing their heads proudly into the blue Empyrean; policemen gazing with smiling countenances on the happy multitudes when not engaged in running them in.

Now they are conducting the formality of weighing the horses, to see if they are qualified as competitors for the Derby Gold Cup, and each horse, as it steps out of the balancing scales and is declared eligible, commences to prance jubilantly upon the emerald green turf.

(N.B.—The writer of above realistic description has never been actually present at any Derby Race, but has done it all entirely from assiduous cramming of sporting fictions. This is surely deserving of recognition from a generous public!)

Now follows a period of dismay—for *Milky Way*, the favourite of high and low, is suddenly discovered to be still the dark horse! The only person who exhibits gratification is the Duchess DICKINSON, who makes her entrance into the most fashionable betting ring and, accosting a leading welsher, cries in exulting accents: "I will bet a million to nothing against *Milky Way*!"

Even the welsher himself is appalled by the enormity of such a stake and earnestly counsels the Duchess to substitute a more economical wager, but she scornfully rejects his well-meant advice, and with a trembling hand he inscribes the bet in his welching book.

No sooner has he done so than the saddling bell breaks forth into a joyous chime, and the crowd is convulsed by indescribable emotions. "Huzza! huzza!" they shout. "Welcome to the missing favourite, and three cheers for *Milky Way*!"

The Duchess has turned as pale as a witch, for, galloping along the course, she beholds Mr. BHOSH, bereft of his tall hat and covered with perspiration and dust, on the very steed which she fondly hoped had been mislaid among the left luggage!

(To be continued.)

CHANGE OF NAME.—The Member for Sark suggests, in view of the family character of the reconstructed Cabinet, that No. 10, Downing Street, where it meets, should be henceforward known in the Postal Guide as the Hotel Cecil.



"NOW THEN, MATER, IF YOU'RE NOT GOING TO HAVE IT, LET ME HAVE A TRY!"

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

VIII.—THE COW.

TAKE off your hat, my friend, and bow
To that most useful beast
The harmless necessary cow,
The honoured of the East.

Indeed, I think I've somewhere read
That cows are worshipped where
The Indian sun shines overhead
And only kine are fair.

So doff your cap, take off your hat ;
Show due respect, and vow
You'll never sink to idle chat
When talking to a cow.

Politeness must not end in talk ;
Your chosen cow to groom,
Invite the animal to walk
Within your drawing-room.

Don't say the creature is too big,
But take this friendly hint :
The Irish parlour holds the pig
(It's true he pays the "rint") ;

And you must treat the cow as one
That is your brother, too,
And let not things by it be done
You would not care to do.

How would you like to have to camp
On grass that nothing shields,

And, wet or fine, to lie in damp,
Uncomfortable fields ?

Pray wash your guest with sweetest
soap,
Pour perfumes on its head,
Then you will not forget, I hope,
The creature must be fed.

Go, seek the plants both rich and rare
A greenhouse will supply,
And feed your tender pet with care,
Responsive to its cry.

So shall your kindness be a thing
Of real and choicest worth,
A theme to make the poet sing
Of paradise on earth.

A CHEERWOMAN.

[“ Mrs. J— desires engagements by the hour to cheer the nervous and lonesome, to read to and amuse invalids, elderly people, and children at their homes.”—*Advertisement in American paper quoted in Westminster Gazette, November 22.*]

EXIT the char-woman ; enter the cheer-woman. Her business address should be Cheering Cross (people). She will cheer you while you wait, or during your ride in a bath-cheer. You pay so much, and you have exactly sixty minutes of three-ply, all-wool professional cheering. But we will be cheerful with further remarks on latest notion.



THE TRY!

ALL ALE, MACBETH.

Customer (after putting down a pint—to landlord). I say, Guv'nor, I could tell yer 'ow to largely increase yer sales o' this beer.

Landlord (re-filling pewter). Well, let's have it!

Customer (after finishing the drink, and making for the door). Just you put about 'alf as much froth on it.

[Escapes the missile and vanishes.]

IN MEMORIAM.

Sir Arthur Sullivan,

BORN 1842. DIED NOVEMBER 22, 1900.

In the immortal music rolled from earth
He was content to claim a lowly part,
Yet leaves us purer by the grace and mirth,
Human, that cling about the common heart.

Now on the bound of Music's native sphere,
Whereof he faintly caught some earthward strain,
At length he reads the "Golden Legend" clear,
At length the "Lost Chord" finds itself again.

TARASCON ET LE TRANSVAAL.

(Chapitre Inédit.)

ENFIN il arriva, le jour solennel, le grand jour. Dès l'aube, tout Tarascon était sur pied. Cette foule se pressait devant la porte de TARTARIN, ce bon M. TARTARIN, qui allait saluer à la gare, au nom de ses concitoyens, l'illustre exilé du Transvaal, le président KRÜGER.

Tout à coup il se fit un grand mouvement. C'était TARTARIN. Quand il parut sur le seuil, un cri de stupeur partit de la foule, "C'est un Boer!"

TARTARIN de Tarascon, en effet, portait un feutre mou à vastes bords, un complet "khaki," couleur de la Tour Eiffel, des bottines énormes, deux Mausers, trois revolvers et une cartouchière, et surtout, cachant sa barbe courte et noire, une barbe jaune, hirsute, gigantesque, à la mode des hommes du Nord, des Hollandais.

"Vive TARTARIN!" hurla le peuple. Calme et fier, le grand homme sourit, et prit gaillardement le chemin de la gare. Derrière lui marchaient le commandant BRAVIDA, le président LADEVÈZE, tous les chasseurs de casquettes, et le peuple. TARTARIN seul était triste. Pour la première fois ce n'était pas lui que ses concitoyens allaient acclamer, mais un autre, un étranger, l'Oncle PAUL. Et autrement! Lui, TARTARIN, au lieu d'aller se battre à côté des braves paysans du Transvaal, luttant contre l'ignoble rapacité de l'empire britannique, avait passé toute l'année à Tarascon, arrosant ses fleurs, lisant ses livres, chantant son duo. Même un Méridional ne pourrait se figurer que difficilement ses exploits devant Mafeking, s'il n'avait jamais quitté sa ville natale. A force de penser à Shang-Hai, TARTARIN arrivait à croire qu'il y était allé. Mais quant au Transvaal, il n'était pas arrivé à ce point-là.

A l'embarcadere, en attendant l'express Marseille-Paris, TARTARIN se promena au milieu de ses amis. Enfin la cloche sonna. Un roulement sourd. L'express arriva. Dans l'ouverture d'une portière on aperçut un homme, très bien mis, en redingote et en chapeau haut de forme, tout battant neufs. Il descendit. C'était le docteur LEYDS. Derrière lui un vieillard barbu, mal habillé, mais également en redingote et en chapeau de cérémonie très usé. C'était le président KRÜGER.

En saluant de ses fusils, tous les deux devant la figure, TARTARIN de Tarascon les attendit. Mais le docteur LEYDS le regarda, stupéfait. Enfin le chef de gare lui murmura tout bas, "Notre plus grand citoyen, TARTARIN de Tarascon, tueur de lions." "Ah, pardon," répondit le docteur, "je croyais—un carnaval—un cirque—mais—enchanté, monsieur!" TARTARIN s'inclina. Le docteur s'approcha du président en disant, "Je vous présente Monsieur DARDARIN." Mais le président fit signe de ne pas entendre, et murmura "Koffie." Ce fut le moment du discours.

"Monsieur le Président," commença TARTARIN, "au nom de Tarascon, de Beaucaire, du département, de tout le Midi, de la France, de l'Europe, du monde, j'ai l'honneur de vous saluer, de vous tendre très respectueusement la main de l'amitié (seulement les deux fusils l'empêchaient) et de vous offrir un

lunch—" "Hé!" s'écria le président. "Pardon, monsieur," dit le docteur LEYDS, "pas un mot d'anglais, je vous en prie. Irlandais, si vous voulez, hollandais, français, mais ne parlez pas anglais."

"De vous offrir," continua TARTARIN, "un punch d'honneur—" "Roinek!" hurla le président. "Monsieur BARBARIN," cria le docteur LEYDS, "ne dites pas des injures à un vieillard, en lui parlant du plus grand journal du pays tyrannique qui essaye depuis longtemps de le vaincre!"

"Té, vé!" répondit TARTARIN, "ques aco? Et autrement, si vous n'aimez ni un lunch, ni un punch, je vous offre un bon toast et un *fluvcklock*, au moins." Le président murmura quelques mots, peut-être des bénédictions tirées des psaumes, et monta en voiture. Sans mot dire, le docteur le suivit, et le train partit immédiatement.

TARTARIN, debout sur le quai, laissa tomber ses deux Mausers, et ramassa une petite boîte en étain. On aurait dit une machine infernale. Les Tarasconnais, inquiets, la regardèrent. TARTARIN les rassura. "C'est mon *plom-pouding*," dit-il.

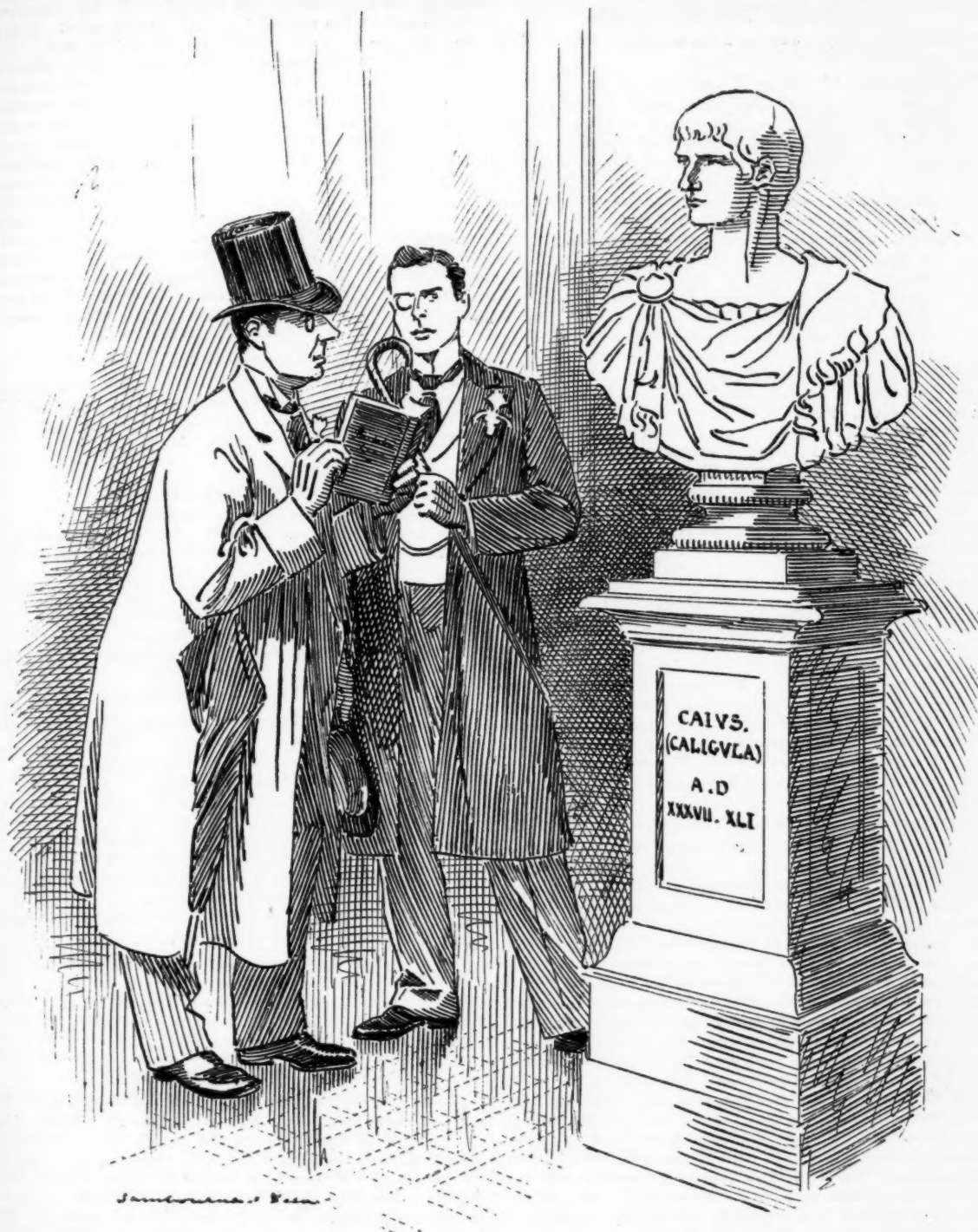
Et déjà, sous l'influence du soleil méridional, qui fait mentir ingénument, il ajouta, en caressant la boîte, "C'est un noble plat. Je l'ai pris à Kimberley, moi, tout seul contre un corps d'armée anglais."

Là-dessus, à côté du commandant BRAVIDA, et acclamé par tout le peuple, il se dirigea paisiblement vers sa maison, et, tout en marchant, il commença le récit de ses grandes batailles, "Figurez-vous," disait-il, "qu'un certain soir, sous les murs de Mafeking"

"DAN" AMONG THE "LIONS COMIQUES" AT THE "PAV."

MOST extraordinary person, Mr. DAN LENO, or, rather, DAN LENO, *tout court*, without the Mister. The little man is simply immense. It matters not what he does or what he says, the audience is on the titter, on the giggle, in a roar, from the moment he walks on to the stage of the London Pavilion until, all too soon, he walks off again. What can be funnier than the tripe-dresser out hunting! Yes, the keeper at the Zoo, or "Dan among the Lions," is funnier than the tripe-dresser by a few hearty laughs. The way DAN LENO has of addressing an imaginary boy, and replying to that boy's imaginary questions is delightfully convincing. The invisible boy is there. You see the expression on his imaginary face reflected on DAN LENO's expressive countenance. It is a matter of regret to frequenters of the "Pav" and the "Tiv" that at Christmas time DAN LENO should give to the pantomime at Drury Lane what was meant for the music halls. Still the pantomime at Old Drury would lack something considerable if DAN LENO's name were not in the bill. We can only hope that he will be able to put as much drollery into his part in the Drury Lane Annual as he does into his two character songs at the Pavilion.

There's plenty of good entertainment for everybody here afforded by HARRY RANDALL, HARRY FORD, and the Japanese Jugglers, whose performance with the knives and balls is certainly the very best of its kind, graceful in action and marvellous in its precision. EUGENE STRATTON, of Coon fame, gives a scene with children, entitled the *Banshee*, that forcibly recalls "Hush! Hush! the Bogie Man," as sung by LONNEN, only it doesn't come within measurable distance of achieving the popularity of the latter song. *Where is dat Barty now?* The cleverly trained Arabian Horse *Loky*, and his trainer, "La femme chevalière" (nothing whatever to do with "CHEVALIER"), have their admirers, whose enthusiasm would be greater were the tableaux more varied, and did they represent more generally popular subjects. The Pavilion, as reconstructed, is now spick and span, bright, light, and cheery. It just wants a genuine novelty in conjuring, ditto in ventriloquism, and a couple of such "drolls" as the "two MACs and the hundred whacks" used to be, for the entertainment to be perfect.



Rt. Hon. J-s-ph Ch-mb-rl-n (on his travels, after consulting Guide-book). "'THE EMPEROR CALIGULA MADE HIS HORSE A CONSUL.' LET ME SEE, AUSTEN, WHAT DID I DO FOR JESSE COLLINGS!"

DELIVERING THE CENTURY.

["But the 20th Century! What does it bear in its awful womb?"—Lord Rosebery at Glasgow.]

Extract from leading article in the "Daily News," Nov. 28, 1900.

"IN spite of his venerable age, which ought, by the way, to protect him against the malevolent attacks so often directed against him, and not by Tories only, Lord ROSEBERY never spoke better or with greater and more convincing fervour than he did yesterday when he unveiled the equestrian statue of the Duke of BIRMINGHAM. What could equal the majestic pathos of the opening sentences, in which Lord ROSEBERY referred to his ancient friendship for the late Duke, 'a friendship maintained unimpaired through fifty years, in spite of extreme divergences on questions of high public interest'? With a masterly hand, Lord ROSEBERY sketched the Duke's career, his humble origin, his sturdy efforts at self-education, his gradual rise in the world of politics, his commercial success, and his swift advance in the steps of the peerage. That he should have failed in the great object of his life, the subjugation of the Boer oligarchy, cannot, as Lord ROSEBERY well said, be counted to him as a discredit. Fame, which is eternal, does not concern itself with accidents so trivial. . . . But it was on the subject of the Empire that Lord ROSEBERY reached his highest flights: 'This vast Empire, measured by hundreds of millions of square miles, inhabited by hundreds of millions of subjects loyally devoted to its flag, how shall we in our infinite littleness appreciate the dread problems that it offers to our limited intelligence? I am filled with awe when I contemplate it, and endeavour to state its glories in terms that will commend themselves to my countrymen. It is too great, too awful, too sacred, too matchless in its terrible predominance to be allowed to degenerate into a matter of party rivalry, or to be dismissed in the light words of an occasional orator.' There spoke the true Imperialist and lover of his country. . . . The time, then, has come for Lord ROSEBERY to emerge from his retirement, to shake off a reserve which, under all the circumstances, was perhaps not unnatural, and to resume his place at the head of the united Liberal opposition. It is deplorable that such gifts as his should be wasted. The fruit is ripe to his hand; let Lord ROSEBERY call the courage of his race to his aid and pluck it."

Extract from leading article in the "Standard," Nov. 28, 1900.

"To-day we have again to chronicle one of those vexatious incidents which have been far too common in South Africa. A detachment of two hundred men was surrounded at Siegenkranz, a place we have failed to identify on the map, and after a gallant resistance was compelled to surrender to the Boers under the command of the aged but still ubiquitous DE WET. Of course, in wars waged under modern conditions against such an enemy as the Boers, such incidents may be looked for from time to time, but their frequency during the prolonged course of this contest is by no means reassuring. Far be it from us to say anything that may be construed as casting a doubt on the superb strategic and tactical ability of Field-Marshal Lord KITCHENER. His exploits in re-capturing Bloemfontein and Pretoria last year speak for themselves, and pronounce him to be one of the greatest generals of this or any age. We may be permitted, however, to express a doubt as to the policy that has inspired some of his recent proclamations. War is a stern business, whatever our arm-chair sentimentalists may say. Leniency may be all very well in its way, but it is absolutely wasted on a treacherous and crafty race like the Boers, who mistake magnanimity for weakness and see in pity only a sign of fatigue. Merciless severity judiciously applied is in the long run the truest mercy. The Boers are rebels, and any of them caught with arms in their hands should be shot at sight. It is idle to say that this method has been tried and has failed.

Such failure as occurred was due rather to the premature abandonment of the method than to any other cause. At any rate, the time has come when it should be tried again. We make light of the suggestion that the Boers might retaliate by shooting the prisoners they have taken. Whatever their faults may be, the Boers have fought according to the rules of civilised warfare, and it is a gratuitous insult to impute to them, as our Little Englanders do, a design to commit cold-blooded murder—for that is what it would come to—in revenge for justifiable punishment inflicted on rebels. In other parts of the theatre of war matters are progressing favourably. General HUNTER reports the capture of five prisoners and a hundred sheep, while General BADEN-POWELL has once more evaded General DELAREY. In both these performances the Imperial Yeomanry bore a distinguished part. It is a pity that these fine soldiers cannot as yet be spared to come home and resume avocations which have been interrupted for more than thirty years. Their welcome, when they do return, will be all the more enthusiastic.

Telegram from Peking to the "Times," same date.

The Powers will formulate their definite demands to-morrow. The decapitation of Prince TUAN will be insisted upon, but it is not thought likely that the Empress will agree to this. The Russian and American troops are to withdraw to-day.

NEW RÔLES FOR OLD STAGERS.

["Madame ANNA HELD has offered Mr. BRYAN £4,000 a year if he will join her comedy company. She thinks he 'may need some consolation in his defeat after his brave fight for the Presidency.'"—*Westminster Gazette*.]

CHEER up! Cheer up! Ye statesmen all,
Should fortune frown upon you,
Should you meet with defeat
When you fight for your seat,
We'll heap fresh honours on you.
Whatever fate may you befall,
We'll find a berth for each and all.

Some men the Adelphi would suit to a T:
Our JOE'd make an excellent villain,
While three comic Irishmen there might we see,
In R-DM-ND, T-M H-LV and D-LL-N.
Good C-LDW-LL we'd cast for a light comic part
At the Gaiety, say, and invite him
To dance a few figures—they're after his heart,
And especially seem to delight him.
The role of a SANDOW would suit J-HNNY B-RNS;
His chest is alone in a million;
While SM-TH, our own S-MMY, should do a few turns,
At the Tivoli or the Pavilion.

Cheer up! Cheer up! Ye statesmen all,
Should fortune frown upon you,
Whatever fate may you befall,
We'll heap fresh honours on you.

TO VARIOUS PARTIES IN PARTIBUS.

To house parties, to juvenile parties, and especially for the relief of those who, having got together a lot of children of all ages and of all temperaments, find themselves at a loss for means, no more useful book could be recommended than the "entertaining" volume by E. V. and E. LUCAS, entitled *What shall we do now?* (GRANT RICHARDS), wherein will be found all sorts of games and puzzles, providing amusement for everyone. But besides this there is a part devoted to the confectioning of sweet-stuffs, and to the making of messes there is no end. Gardening is not neglected, nor are "pets" omitted. Books to read are recommended, though in most instances, rather above the heads of the boys and girls, unless the authors have allowed considerably for growth under instruction.



Traveller. "GET ON, MAN; GET ON! WAKE UP YOUR NAG."
Traveller. "WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM? IS HE SICK?"
Driver. "NO, SOR, HE'S NOT SICK, BUT IT'S UNLUCKY'E IS, SOR, UNLUCKY! YOU SEE, SOR, EVERY MORNING, AFORE I PUT 'IM IN THE CAR, I TOSSES 'IM WHETHER 'E'LL HAVE A FEED OF OATS, OR I'LL HAVE A DHRINK OF WHISKEY, AN' THE POOR BASTE HAS LOST FIVE MORNINGS RUNNING!"

THE JAM OF STRIFE.

(A long way after Signor Gabriel's "D'Annunzio," Author of "The Flame of Life," &c.)

"TOMIO, does not your heart yearn towards that cupboard in the pantry?" SELINA asked, touching the plump but slightly dust-tinted hand of the boy beside her. "You look as pale as the envelope upon my mother's writing-table after eating those over-mellow bananas. But yet, O TOMIO, this might be a night of triumph for you!"

She pointed to two great stars of light that smote the darkness of the road. "See," she whispered, stroking his face. "The carriage . . . mother and father are away for the evening . . . and I know where the store-room keys—"

He moved impatiently. "Do not touch my face," he murmured. "Your intentions are noble, but your hands—are sticky with those twisted lemon sticks. And, beside—" he spoke slowly, for a strange oppressive feeling had crept over him for the last half-hour. He felt horribly dizzy and unhappy, and could scarcely frame his words. "I wish to be quiet for a while . . . to think and meditate. . . Ah! do you not understand?"

"You would let slip this opportunity," she murmured, with one despairing

thought of the apricot jam with its firm delicious saffron loveliness. She felt suffocated by the violence of her disappointment. Regret seized her by the throat, and two tears trickled in a salt and sable stream down her rosy cheeks. Despite the trickery, the infantile wiles, the jam-inspired machination that stirred the pinafore-covered heart, she did not know the wild, fierce strategy that had been played upon her.

TOMIO played with his peg-top nervously. Could he tell her? Could he state the terrible, naked fact that he himself had been to the cupboard, and that the jam was now only a memory—perchance somewhat of a bilious one? Could he tell this to his sister and comrade in mischief—SELINA!

Up the stairs the acute perfume of his parents' supper was wafted. The heavy, languorous scent of Irish stew smote his senses with a feeling akin to pain. He rose and shuddered. SELINA also rose: her eyes were fixed with burning inquiry upon a smear that glittered in the gaslight upon TOMIO's waistcoat. She took a step forward, and bent towards him. Her smooth rotund cheeks quivered with anger. A gust of stormy passion convulsed her. Her brown fists clenched, then unclenched. She had discovered a patch of apricot jam upon his waistcoat, and had guessed the secret of TOMIO.

MACTE VIRTUTE PUER.

(To the Hon. St. John Brodrick.)

Go on and prosper! Thine the happy task
 To solve the riddles any dunce can ask;
 To build a citadel without a flaw,
 Making thy bricks, nor asking us for straw.
 What though Pall Mall be misty? Onward
 speed [lead,

Where'er our counsel's Jack-o'-lanterns
 And as thy feet pursue the bidden track,
 Think it no hindrance if we cry "Come
 back!"

For war vouchsafe that men and guns
 increase,

But let them not be burdensome in peace;
 Each unit's cost may certainly be more,
 Provided totals stay as heretofore.

In this be greatly daring; let thy acts
 Prove thee superior to foolish facts,
 For thine the blame, and not arithmetic's,
 If five and one shall still add up to six.
 When Britons fail at anything they try
 The reasons must be superficial why,
 And, since we are not difficult to please,
 Our one demand is simple—alter these.
 But for the details? Shall we dare intrude
 On brooding fancy with suggestion crude?
 Take merely certain editorial screeds,
 Make of them sense, and turn them into
 deeds:

So shalt thou merit of results the best—
 The peace that will not put them to the
 test.

THE BOOK OF BEAUTY.

A GREAT THOUGHT FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR.

IN MONTHLY PARTS.

XII.—THE GEORGE MEREDITH SECTION.

NOVEMBER 1ST TO 3RD.—See him there, this R-S-B-RY, supine in phantasy of exile on bed of Neapolitan violets, preferred for emollience; Baiae-windows open on the infinite of blue dimming to lift of Sorrento, Ischia hull-down in the Occidental; emergent at call of interesting occasion, Rectorial or the like; triple bronze to resist allurements of Liberal matrons vocal for return of injured hero; a CORIOLANUS *de luxe*. See him, Lord Ormont of the civil, consoling the Misunderstood he counts himself to be with disquisitions on the Giant in Action, a "last phase"; reflective, not without pathos, of a personal penultimate, prematurely imminent, with Theban Sphinx for riddling exemplar.

4TH.—In the vestibule of Adolescence, the Boy stands at plastic pause, clay-soft to the imposed Idea. This is the Propagandist's hour; then, or never, the Vegetarian has his chance.

5TH.—(Guy Fawkes Day). A figure of foiled insurgence, gestatorially flaccid, posturing a stuffed impotence; explosive only in paradoxical incitement to pyrotechnics, smoke at end of all.

6TH.—Her versatile nature swung in a dazzling orbit of aptitudes. Intrepid horsewoman, with an edged wit for dialectics, she could also sit the downy of postprandial arm-chairs with a firmness to wonder at, smiling a focussed attention on bovine inanity.

7TH.—Present, you could swear to her for a glowingly constant; absent, she wrote "Will wire"; and telegraphed "Will write"—to the chilling of assurance.

8TH.—A next-weeker for procrastination, there was Æacus in his eye for the delays of others. Chatham-and-Dover with himself, he was 'Time-and-Tide' for the rest.

9TH (Lord Mayor's Day).—Should not some poet capturingly perpetuate for us this scene, repullulant—a hardy annual—from the impenetrable of sublimity? Londinensian, surely, this progress of MONTANUS and his choir, tardy with turtle-lined abdomen; these civic fathers alighting at the Courts of Law, tribute of Commerce to claims of Justice; symbolic nymphs painted to braver than life, conscious of limbs posed at relaxed tension on chariots arrested in preposterous mid-career; gaudy within limits of the inexpensive; GOG-MAGOG, with historic retinue varicoloured to admiration, conducting tavern interludes at a remove; the whole better conceivable in France.

10TH.—She never married, having the gift, rare in women, of being able to discuss abstractions.

11TH, 12TH.—Poetry and the affiliated indiscretions had always been viewed by the Family with profound distrust. To the Head, not incurious of the Burgeoning Period, this graft of Romance on a stem already shooting Rhythmics had hinted at a deranged heredity. A botany specialist, hastily summoned from Leipzig, checked the development at nick of the vernal.

13TH TO 15TH.—Bachelor by habit and a graceful seat by force of application, he had the manner of riding straight after hounds or women; but tempered by an instinct for country and a taste for the durable. He would choose the open gate at the fallow's corner, in contempt of incredulous eye-lifts thrown over shrug of shoulders leaning back for the rise, rather than risk his stable's best blood over a low hedge, flushing young Spring, with heavy drop at fourteen stone on macadam flints, shrieking menace of a wrung fetlock for the ten miles home. In the other kind of chase he had cried off, on suspicion that the lady's mother had died fat.

16TH.—Some women carry about a ready-made halo, in quest of the man to fit it, naturally or by adaptation of skull; others catch their saint first, and order a halo to tape-measurement. A few dispense with halos, anticipative or other.

17TH.—It was a character precocious in dissemblance accomplished to the point of self-deception; the right hand ignorant of the left's designs, with authority of Scripture cited Belial-wise for vindication.

18TH.—A woman more nosingly fastidious of essentials, you might waste a season of Church Parades and never come up with. Yet she married her husband for his gift of digesting Welsh Rabbit.

O. S.

(To be continued.)

"THE BOOERS."

MR. CLEMENT SCOTT, in *The Free Lance* for November 24th, says, "If people don't like a play, they can groan and go out." Not so; permit a correction of this sequence in action, thus:—

When the public does *not* like a play
Let them leave it severely alone;
Should they wish to applaud, let 'em stay,
But if not, let 'em go out and groan.

You see? "Go out" first, and "groan" afterwards. That a dramatic author should appear before the curtain, to "boo and boo" like *Sir Pertinax Macsycophant*, and to be "boo'd and boo'd at" by his "friends (!) in front" is a custom wisely honoured by Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES "in the breach" and not "in the observance." He is right. That an authoress should be pilloried in this manner, as was the case with "JOHN OLIVER HOBBS" (Mrs. CRAIGIE) at the St. James's Theatre last Thursday night, is a disgrace to any audience. Mr. ALEXANDER will do well in future to keep his author "in ambush," whether there be a success or not on the first performance, and not expose him, least of all *her*, to ill-mannered insults. If the first-night people do not like a piece, let them tell their friends outside, who will have plenty of opportunity of judging for themselves when they read the probably conflicting criticisms in the papers. If the piece is good it will, like truth, prevail, and if it is bad the manager will own his judgment to have been in fault, and very soon change the bill.

WHAT'S YOUR GAME?

VARIED and charming are the calendars provided by FAULKNER, for 1901, and also their Christmas cards; but specially attractive are their boxes of games, for instance, "The Egg and Spoon Race," which can only be played by those who have thoroughly acquired the virtue of patience, for perhaps then, with a few years' practice and much perseverance, they may hope to overcome the provoking difficulties of this seemingly simple pastime. The game offers rare opportunities to couples, engaged or disengaged, for "spooning," of which advantage may be taken at the merry mistletoe time. Chinese Bagatelle, Spottit Fox and Geese are all excellent, the last-named being quite novel and exciting.

QUERY.

Is it KRUGER or KRÜGER?
The point 's truly knotty.
It may be the latter
When KRUGER is dotty.

MR. MANTALINI ON THE RESULTS OF RECENT COURTS MARTIAL AT DOVER.—"And they shall both be right and neither wrong, upon my life and soul—oh, demmit!" (Vide, *Nicholas Nickleby*, vol. ii, ch. 2.)

RATHER a difference between "Returning Officers" and "Officers Returning."

HINTS ON MAKING ONESELF THOROUGHLY OBJECTIONABLE.

II.—IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.

TAKE care to allow yourself plenty of time before the train stops for your final effort. This depends largely upon eatables, and may be left to the student's discretion. Crumbly sandwiches will, of course, have a share in it. But fruit, such as greengages or apples, is invaluable. The stones or cores, as the case may be, should be hurled across the compartment at the opposite window. It is improbable that more than one in every half-dozen will go through, especially if the window is only open a little at the top. The rest will rebound, and more or less come in contact with the other passengers.

This amusement can be continued until the train begins to slacken speed, when you will doubtless observe everybody else in the carriage gathering their things together. When the station is reached, you will find yourself left alone. But this would be very tame, so you should lose no time in moving into another compartment, where, let us trust, your efforts will meet with the success they deserve during the remainder of the journey.

III.—AT THE THEATRE.

THE auditorium of a theatre affords so wide a scope to the earnest seeker after unpopularity, that I cannot do more in this paper than touch on a few of the more prominent methods to be employed.

The cheaper parts of the house, naturally, are the easiest to experiment with. Indeed, you may start operations while you are waiting outside the pit or gallery doors; for instance, by coming late, and taking up a position (if you can), in front of those who have been standing there for over an hour. But this sort of thing does not call for the exercise of much inventive faculty on your part, and is hardly worth your attention. On the other hand, the boxes and stalls do not afford fair play, as their well-bred occupants are not easily enough ruffled.

No, to get the happy average, I would recommend taking a seat of an intermediate price—say in the upper circle. Here the audience consists largely of people to whom the evening's entertainment is a bright star, shining out of the commonplace sky of suburban life. They rarely, if ever, get free admissions to the theatre; and when they pay their four or five shillings for a seat, expect to get their money's worth of enjoyment.

This, then, is the spot in which to establish yourself, like a wolf among the sheep, or an addled egg in a batch of new-laid ones. Take a friend with you, as it is essential that you should have someone with whom to carry on a conversation at intervals, in an audible voice.

I will resume this subject next week.



PRACTICAL.

"I SAY, OLD FELLAH, WEATHER SO INFERNALLY CHANGEABLE, DON'T KNOW WHAT TO PUT ON. THICK OR THIN GREAT-COAT?"

"WHY, OLD FELLAH—ADVISE YOU TO PUT 'EM BOTH ON AT THE SAME TIME. CAN'T GO WRONG THEN!"

A VINDICATION.

[“For the last twelve months we have had to bear the burden of a great war. . . . It is no exaggeration to say that the work thus occasioned has, at times, been overwhelming. It has been done with a rare and unstinted devotion, and in too many cases, I fear, at a sacrifice, not only of rest and recreation, but of health.”—Lord Lansdowne's letter of farewell to the War Office.]

DON'T fancy, kind public, that we,
Whom slander so often belittles,
Have found our lot always to be
At the War Office, all beer and skittles.

Ah, no! for, the usual run
Of tedious monotony breaking,
We've had actual work to be done—
A genuine war undertaking.

Then many a bold clerk was found
Who, labouring in his vocation,
Earned overtime pound after pound,
Forgetting his due recreation.

Nay; more than one instance I've met
(One case in point well I remember)
Who could not their holidays get
At all, till well into November.

And others (though cynics may scoff)
That progress might be the more
speedy,
Refused from their work to knock off,
Though feeling most horribly seedy.

Ah, yes! while our troops in the field
Fight bravely for V.C.'s and garters,
The War Office also can yield
Its quota of heroes and martyrs.



"COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE THEM."

Domesticated Wife. "OH, GEORGE, I WISH YOU'D JUST —"
Talented Husband (author of various successful Comic Songs for Music Halls, writer of Pantomimes and Variety-show Libretti). "OH, FOR GOODNESS SAKE, LUCY, DON'T BOTHER ME NOW!! YOU MIGHT SEE I'M TRYING TO WORK OUT SOME QUITE NEW LINES FOR THE FAIRY IN THE TRANSFORMATION SCENE OF THE PANTOMIME!"

TO PRESIDENT KRUGER.

(After reading of his triumphal progress through France.)

ILLUSTRIOUS man! acclaimed by every town
 That you have passed,
 I wonder where you'll really settle down
 And live at last?

Will it be Paris, debonnaire and free,
 Siren of cities?
 To turn your back on Paris—that would be
 A thousand pities!

Will it be Berlin, down whose stately
 street
 The Linden rustles?

Will it be Amsterdam, demure, *discreète*?
 Or giddy Brussels?

Florence—a palace lofty and severe,
 Near the Duomo?
 Or some agreeable little villa near
 The lake of Como?

Vienna, Moscow, Petersburg, or Rome,
 All lie before you;

But though in each you try to find a
 home,
 I fear they'll bore you.

Until at last you'll realise what's done
 Cannot be undone,
 And one fine day, quite suddenly, you'll
 run
 Over to London.

Then, like a self-respecting millionaire,
 You'll not disdain
 To take a largish house in Grosvenor
 Square
 And entertain.

You'll live among us to a green old age
 Caressed and petted,
 And when your time has come to leave the
 stage
 You'll die regretted.

The Laureate will celebrate in verse
 The last sad scene,
 And a respectful crowd attend your hearse
 To Kensal Green!

ST. J. H.

"QUESTION TIME" FOR MEETING OF PARLIAMENT.

WHY the Postmistress at Ellesmere has not received promotion?

If it is the case that the Police still arrest dogs who cannot give a good account of themselves?

If there is any truth in the falsehood about the latest act of foreign aggression?

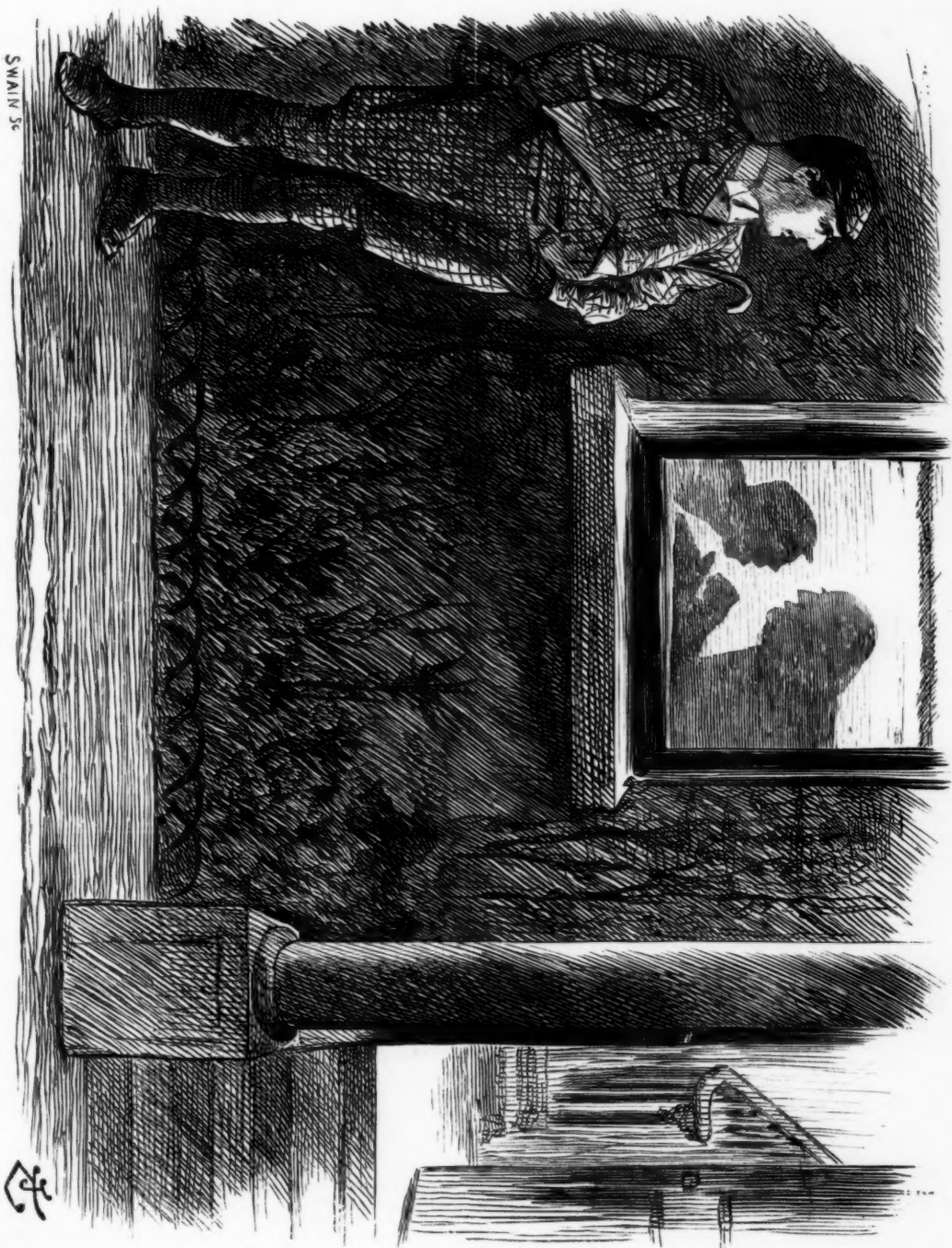
If there is any objection to laying on the table a list of persons who are thought to have used an omnibus in the Strand during the last week of August and the first week in September?

If there is any objection to the expenditure of thousands of pounds in accumulating useless information for the benefit of no one in particular?

Is there any objection to the production of documents relating to matters connected with the commencement of the century, and having no special significance?

And 12,745 queries of the same character to the great advancement of the prosperity of the Empire and public business.

LORD RUSSELL ("without"), "IT DOESN'T SEEM A VERY HAPPY PARTY. I FANCY I'M BETTER OUTSIDE."
 ("Our attitude and our policy towards Lord Rosebery is that policy which is familiar to us in the phrase of 'the open door.'")—*Star H. Campbell-Rosebery's speech at Dundee, "Times," November 16.*



“THE OPEN DOOR.”

SCENE—Exterior of the Old Liberal Home.

LORD R-S-B-H-Y (“with-out”), “IT DOESN’T SEEM A VERY HAPPY PARTY. I FANCY I’M BETTER OUTSIDE.”
[“Our attitude and our policy towards Lord Rosebery is that I policy which is familiar to us in the phrase of ‘the open door.’”—SIR H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN’S speech at Dundee, “Times,” November 16.]

THE TABLETS OF AZIT-TIGLETH-MĪPHANSI, THE SCRIBE.



EIGHTH FRAGMENT.

1. Now Kāmm - el - banraman the leader,
 2. from his high place on the dividing-wall,
 3. midst the splinters of glass and the *tenpniñ-néhs*
 4. set upright therein, whereon they had placed his seat
 5. of government had made a most painful impression
 6. upon him, to which did cling securely
 7. his nether garments,
 8. at the coming of the Séshun did look around—
 9. on this side and on that, where gathered
 10. his tribesmen . . under various banners
 11. —hanging mostly in ribbons, . . .
 12. the pullers of noses that used to be friendly,
 13. the Môt-Síkhas, the Bhīm-Huntaz . . in the
 14. eyes of their colleagues.
 15. And in every direction . . . the fur was still flying,
 16. the collecting of scalps from the neighbouring benches
 17. was their *mēhndv-ōkēshan*
 18. On the one hand did he see the Lāttad-eh-Kuēkrs,
 19. the Tērnaz-Uvchikz to the smack of the foe-man,
 20. who would govern the more distant parts of
 21. the empire (I use a small e as I don't want to hurt them)
 22. from Ekhsēt-erhāl—as long as they lasted,
 23. who shrank with a shudder all over their persons
 24. from our terribly brutalised methods of warfare

25. (most freely acknowledged — by Frenchmen and Germans)
 26. blushed with shame at the burning of innocent homesteads
 27. which went off with a bang like a *bhāslit-orpidōn*
 28. when it reached the best bedroom
 29. (mainly owing perhaps to a *lārgish-kalékshan*
 30. . . . of reserve ammunition, they'd forgotten to mention—
 31. intended, of course, for subsequent use on our
 32. (criminal) friends and our (erring) relations
 33. Not a word of their feelings.)
 34. Bit their lips and shed tears when
 35. the poor little mausers popped out in the gloaming
 36. from the family hay-loft
 37. they discovered a hero in every foe-man, whatever his methods;
 38. . . it was really no wonder they felt such a
 39. brotherly feeling for like them
 40. he talked *little-English*!—
 41. bubbling over with sympathy exported wholesale
 42. most freely applied . . . but "*externally only*."
 43. On the other hand gathered the opposite section
 44. who remembered a certain magnanimous action
 45. underneath Amajuba
 46. just like so much *paikh-rast*,
 47. and had not the smallest intention of trying
 48. the scriptural treatment again in that district,
 49. . . . declined to walk Yurup in a home-made and wholly gratuitous

50. *kōstyum of sūkhilath*
 51. and *ashaz*.
 52. And Kamm-el-banraman the presence did notice
 53. of the usual festive collection of *misails*
 54. —reserved for the genial head of their chieftain devoted
 55. — the time-honoured cat — fairly lately-lamented—
 56. the elderly egg of the struggling tradesman,
 57. *ārphabrikh*—these and other range-finding
 58. materials he noted, as he sat in the fire-zone.
 59. Then to himself did he say, "Now's the moment . .
 60. . . . if I'm not much mistaken, to do something handsome
 61. . . . and share these attentions.
 62. I could spare the *arphabrikh* and he might get
 63. the *tābhi* projected by Labbi."
 64. So he waved his *ambrhēla* with gesture expressive
 65. of cordial welcome to the Lord of Dhalmeni
 66. indicating the ladder that led to the summit
 67. and started to sing *Phrizadj-ōligud-phelar*
 68. But Harkat and Mhorli and several others
 69. the unalloyed Jordj and Sukót-avthagārdjan,
 70. and Labbi, Bhrin-róbatz and other great statesmen
 71. said they'd wholly forgotten the words of the thing
 72. . . and besides were no singers . .
 73. . . . Not a rousing reception . . it will take
 74. some rehearsing.

E. T. R.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Baron confesses to having been somewhat puzzled as to whether RICHARD MARSH meant his novel *A Hero of Romance* (WARD, LOCK & Co.), to be a book for boys or for elders. The earlier part of it may recall to some readers the youthful adventures of little Master David Copperfield, of *Christopher Tadpole*, of *Stalky & Co.*, of *Little Nell*, and of the youthful *Oliver Twist*. Then, with just a flavour of *Jack* in it, chiefly because the scene changes to France, it becomes most decidedly a story for "grown-ups," written with considerable power. So, to classify it is somewhat difficult. The novel is always interesting, here and there amusing, occasionally sensational, yet, on the whole, somewhat unsatisfactory as leading to nothing in particular. Indeed, the Baron would not have been very much surprised had the young "hero" woke up, in his own bed at school, a better and a wiser boy in consequence of his experiences in the land of dreadful dreams. A book well worth reading.

A Lifetime in South Africa (SMITH, ELDER) is an opportune and valuable contribution to knowledge. Sir JOHN ROBINSON went out to the Cape in 1850, a boy of eleven. By sheer hard work and great capacity, guided by high purpose, he reached the proud position of First Premier of Natal. He served his apprenticeship to journalism, wherein he perfected an easy graphic style which makes it a pleasure to sit at his feet and learn how a British Colony grew from smallest beginning to the magnitude of Natal. A fighter all his life, Sir JOHN, in this retrospect of a long life, has not a spiteful thing to say of any with whom he has wrought or struggled. There are indications of conviction that Cape Colony is no better than it should be, but expression is carefully subdued. Coming to the war with the Transvaal, he puts the case in a couple of sentences. "Dutch Afrianders forgot," he writes, "that the Republics owed every jot of their freedom to the generosity of Great Britain, and that in the Colonies they enjoyed perfect equality of right and privilege with their fellow citizens of British descent. They only remembered that in the Republics the Dutch were the dominant and ruling race, and that in the Colonies the Queen of England was the sovereign power." Sir JOHN shares with Mr. CONAN DOYLE that quality of the judicial mind that makes the latter's record of the war an important contribution to history. My Baronite notes from both impartial witnesses terrible indictment of whomsoever was responsible for British unpreparedness. On this point Sir JOHN ROBINSON writes:—"Had the ultimatum come a few weeks earlier, Natal would have been swept from the Drakenberg to Durban, and no one can say what the ultimate issue might have been."

Of Royal Blood (HUTCHINSON) is a finely-flavoured melodramatic tale. Mr. LE QUEUX has the privilege of admitting his readers into the very highest society, including not only kings, queens, and prime ministers, but queen's messengers in the diplomatic service. Also they learn how, at a particular epoch of recent date, Europe was on the verge of the greatest war of the century. This regrettable state of things was brought about by the frailty of a princess of the house of Hapsburg, who—not to put too fine a point upon it—pinched a despatch from Her Majesty's minister at Brussels to the Prime Minister in Downing Street. The general conduct of this lady consoles my Baronite in the reflection that his intimacy with princesses of royal blood is limited. She confesses her love for the English *attaché*, who tells the whole story. He would have married her, as *attachés* do. But when he comes to the point, he discovers that she is already married to a low-class scoundrel, who uses her as the instrument of his crimes. So like those Hapsburgs!

If in doubt take both, is all that my Baronite can suggest to the bewildered boy who has to choose between two such good stories as HUME NISBET's *Kings of the Sea* and *Hunting*

for Gold. The former, an exciting tale of the Spanish Main, always a first-rate place to go for excitement, and the latter deals with adventures in Klondike. Both equally fascinating, and as to sensational . . . Well! you'll see!

The reader must persevere to the end of CHRISTIAN LYS' book in order to unravel *The Mystery of Lady-Place*. However, this should prove no hardship, for the story is brightly written and the mystery has the good sense to remain a mystery almost to the end. "Almost" is a saving clause, as had the mystery been unsolved, the mystery would have been however the story came to be written.

Plenty of lively excitement in the *Dogs of War*, by EDGAR PICKERING, a well-told romantic story of the Great Civil War, with illustrations by LAUNCELOT SPEED.

Our boys will find no time for dull moments when following with breathless and absorbing interest the adventures of COLIN CASSELDEN in *A Chase Round the World*, ROBERT OVERTON. The above little lot from *Kings*, &c., to the last-mentioned, are published by WARNE & Co. "So now," as my juniorest Baronite wishes to say, "you're Warne'd."

Messrs. BLACK have issued a third edition of *Through Finland in Carts*, a fact that agreeably testifies to the attraction of the work. Mrs. ALEC TWEEDIE has seized the opportunity of adding by way of appendix the CZAR'S Manifesto of February, last year, which suddenly, by a stroke of the pen, swept away the last vestiges of Finland's ancient independence. Mrs. TWEEDIE is a born traveller. She has health, strength, priceless capacity for making the best of things, a seeing eye and a lively pen. Favoured by exceptional opportunities, she saw the Finns not only in the streets and waterways but lived with them in their own houses, ate with them, drank with them and even tried their baths. She found the country primitive and picturesque, its inhabitants simple-hearted and hospitable. The quality of the picturesque she succeeds in importing to every page of her book, a valuable contribution to the history of what, to my Baronite, as doubtless to many others, was before hitherto a fabled land.

Now here is a genuine Christmas book, by our greatest Christmastide writer, CHARLES DICKENS, entitled *The Holly Tree* and *The Seven Poor Travellers*, with illustrations by C. E. BROCK (DENT & Co.). What genuine merriment in the writing! What true sentiment without much sentimentality! What a delightful story of the two baby elopers, and how admirably contrasted with it is the story of *Richard Doubledick*! To those who know it well, the Baron says, read it again and know it better; and to the younger generation who know nothing at all about it, the Baron says, get it and read it, or if you have on the premises an appreciative and capable reader, then make yourselves comfortable and cosy, gather round that person, and have this book read aloud to you from beginning to end.

Little readers must decide for themselves as to belief or disbelief in the real existence of MARIE OVERTON CORBIN and CHARLES BUXTON GOING's *Urchins of the Sea* (LONGMAN, GREEN & Co.), but they cannot fail to enjoy their numerous adventures, which are most amusing, while the clever illustrations show what queer make-believe little creatures these *Urchins* were.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

FACTA NON "FLORA."—Ex-President KRUGER is in the position of *Calchas*, High Priest of Venus (a lovely part for him to play), in OFFENBACH's *La Belle Hélène*, who, expecting substantial offerings at the shrine, and finding only bouquets, exclaims, "*Trop de fleurs! Trop de fleurs!*"

THOUGHT IN NOVEMBER.—"*Il y a toujours un Mais*"—a "Mai"—ah!—how we wish there were!

THE NEW SCHOOL.

["Professor BURNET has been elected examiner in the London School of Liberal Humaniores at Oxford."—*Glasgow Evening Citizen*.]

I HATED Euclid. When at John's
I disagreed with all the dons
About the *asinorum pons*—
Old crusted Tories,
Who could not see a single ray
Of proof in aught but Euclid's way,
O school of Liberal Huma-
-niores!

The Classics, too, were just as bad;
Greek proses all but drove me mad,
While HOMER shocked me with his sad
Improper stories.
And as for ARISTOPH—*but stay!*
The very name I blush to say,
O school of Liberal Huma-
-niores!

For history, no love had I;
Law seemed too dull and dry;
Nor did I ever dream of sci-
-entific glories.
For wider fields, for scenes more gay
My restless Pegasus did neigh,
O school of Liberal Huma-
-niores!

Ah! Had I heard of thee before
I feel—although I know no more
About the nature of thy lore
Than Japs or Maories—
I might have taken—who can say?—
A brilliant first—thy best B.A.,
O school of Liberal Huma-
-niores!

THE VERB TU BE.

(A Companion to the Verb "To Mote,"
conjugated by Mr. Punch, October 31st,
1896.)

PRESENT TENSE.

I tube.
Thou payest tuppence.
He Yerkes.
We get a hustle on.
Ye block the gangways.
They palm off 'bus-tickets.

IMPERFECT AND UNPROGRESSIVE TENSE.

I was tubbing.
Thou wast trying to shave.
He was cramming down his breakfast.
We were choking in the Underground,
Ye were imitating sardines.
They were using language.

FUTURE TENSE.

(So it is to be hoped.)

I shall tube.
Thou wilt breathe freely.
He will keep his cuffs clean.
We shall eschew 'busses.
Ye will live in Shepherd's Bush.
They will honeycomb London.

(NEARLY) PERFECT TENSE.

I have tubed.



THE RULING PASSION.

First Enthusiastic Golfer. "I SAY, WILL YOU PLAY ANOTHER ROUND WITH ME ON THURSDAY?"

Second Enthusiastic Golfer. "WELL, I'M BOOKED TO BE MARRIED ON THAT DAY—BUT IT CAN BE POSTPONED!"

Thou hast played the mole.
He has found his level.
We have sunk a shaft in the back-
garden.
Ye have made rabbit-holes.
They have turned sewer-rats.

FUTURE PERFECT TENSE.

(Not yet arrived.)

PLUPERFECT TENSE.

(Nothing in London has ever been more
than perfect, except the telephone-muddle
and mess in the streets this month.)

SUBJUNCTIVE PRESENT.

I may tube.
Thou mayest go by boot, alias, walk.
He may whistle for a hansom.
We may get stuck.
Ye may spend the day underground.
They may never come up again.

SUBJUNCTIVE IMPERFECT.

I might tube.
Thou mightest float a company.
He might keep wild cats.
We might burrow *ad lib*.
Ye might borrow all round.
They might find themselves in Queer
Street.

IMPERATIVE.

Tube thou.
Let him root (like a pig).
Let us grub, ere the Yankees come
along!
Bore away, ye cripples!
Let them tunnel, till they are black in
the face!

INFINITIVE.

Tu be.

PARTICIPLES.

Present: Tubing (miles of it).
Passive: (Home) tu bed.



CHAPTER V.

THE door opened, and a golden head came into view.

"Sly-Boots!" said a voice. Here she was, back again!

The Bishop got up. He was a very tall and portly man, with a high aquiline nose, clean shaven, and a manner which implied benedictions. There was, however, no benediction about the Bishop that night.

Seeing that he was alone, TRIXIE ARMITAGE came into the room and shut the door behind her.

"Isn't WILSON KING horrid?" she said.

"Not at all."

"Oh! Don't you think so? So different from you! But he has turned you against me. Everybody is turned against me sooner or later, even you, Sly-Boots."

"You know," said the Bishop, with a tone of great dignity, "I don't think, young lady, that you ought to speak to me in that way. It isn't exactly pretty."

"Isn't it?" she said, smiling at him, and looking him straight in the eyes with her wonderful blue orbs. "I'm pretty though, aren't I? Now, don't you think, Bishop, that I'm the prettiest girl you ever saw?"

"I am no judge of these matters," said the Bishop.

"Aren't you? Oh! You do blow hot, blow cold, you do. Oh," giving him a quick dig in the ribs, "you are a Sly-Boots, you are! You know you are."

"This is really sad," said the Bishop, rubbing the palms of his hands together.

TRIXIE ARMITAGE was smiling straight at him. "It is, isn't it?" For the life of him the great churchman could not prevent the austerity of his dignified features from melting into a more kindly expression. "Now, you're beginning to laugh; you are, Sly-Boots! But I can't stop. I just came in for a minute—I saw WILSON KING go across the barrack yard—I just came in to tell you that I don't mind him. He's a horrid old thing, and jealous. That's why he spoiled our little game to-

night, that's it. But never you mind, Sly-Boots, I'll come and see you in your Palace the first day I can get off."

"I beg you will do nothing of the kind."

"Yes, I shall." And she danced to the door, giving several giddy twirls as she went.

The Bishop hastily followed her. "My dear young lady, not the Palace; not the Palace!"

"Where then?"

"Oh, well—I think not at all."

"You'd like to see me again, wouldn't you? Wouldn't you, Sly-Boots?"

"We may meet again."

"No, I shall come to the Palace—I shall come to the Palace. And, oh! it will be lovely. I've never been to the Bishop's Palace in my life. It will be an experience for me."

"My dear young lady, I entreat you, I implore you—"

"Well, if you don't meet me somewhere, I shall come to the Palace. Yes, I shall come, as sure as you are there; and, if they don't let me in—I see what's in your mind, you'll say you're out—but if they don't let me in when I come I shall tell the butler all about it. It will be a tit-bit of news for the butler, won't it?"

"I entreat you—Write to me. I will do anything rather than—"

"Rather than I should tell the butler. Oh, you are a Sly-Boots! I never met such a Sly-Boots. Are all Bishops like you?"

"By no means. This—"

"Eh? Don't they do this sort of thing? Are they all afraid of their butlers? Well, where shall we meet?"

"I will write to you."

"Oh, fix the place. WILSON KING will be back in a minute. Quick! Eh? Well, now, remember, if you don't come, I shall come straight to the Palace, and I shall tell the butler all I know—how you asked me to come back, and how you would put me up for the night, and all the rest of it. So, you had better come."

"Oh, I will come," said the Bishop in a tone of abject misery.

TRIXIE ARMITAGE came a step or two back from the door, and stood looking at him with her head on one side, like a

pretty bird. "I don't think, Bishop or no Bishop, that it's exactly gallant to tell a young lady that you will come in that tone."

"I don't think," said the Bishop severely, "that it is at all like a young lady to threaten a Bishop with his butler."

"I didn't exactly threaten you," said TRIXIE ARMITAGE; "no, Sly-Boots, I didn't threaten. I only used a little persuasion to get my own way, and that, you know, is permissible to every woman." Then she edged a little nearer again. "I say, Bishop, you do like me, don't you, even if I have led you a bit of a dance?"

"I—I have had no opportunity——"

"How long does it take a Bishop to get to know people?" she asked. "Longer than other men? You're a fine, handsome man, but I never knew anyone (that didn't actually dislike me, you know) so awfully hard to get on with before. I suppose it's because you are a Bishop. There, I hear WILSON KING coming. No, no, no; I'll go out through his bedroom. It's all right. He won't see me."

She bolted into the bedroom and slammed the door just as WILSON KING entered the room from the corridor.

"So sorry to keep you waiting, Bishop. My fellow was not in the way just now, and I had to go round to the stables myself. The horses will be round in a minute or two. You'll have a whiskey-and-soda before you go?"

"Not a drop," said the Bishop, "not a drop." He felt that he had taken too much already. One glass of whiskey on the top of that excellent champagne would have undone him.

Five minutes later the Bishop was seated in his carriage and being driven across the barrack square.

In WILSON KING's quarters, half-a-dozen excited officers were to be seen in paroxysms of laughter, and the middle one of the group was a young lady, golden-haired, blue-eyed, and dressed in the height of the prevailing fashion.

"Gad, PARKER," said WILSON KING, "I never thought you would do it."

"Not do it!" cried the Babe, pulling his golden wig up on one side, with a very unfeminine gesture. "My dear chap, I used to play all the girls' parts both at Harrow and Sandhurst. There are advantages in having a voice like a woman and a skin like a rose-leaf, and poor old VERNON," stretching out his hand to his friend, "will as surely reap the benefit of them as we are all alive and kicking." And, then, he gave a kick of his fashionable skirts, disclosing some very masculine garments underneath.

CHAPTER VI.

It is almost impossible to describe the various phases of mental anguish which the Bishop went through during the next few days. He had never at any time had any great faith in the discretion of women, excepting, indeed, women of the type of his deceased spouse, who had been entirely of the domesticated order of the species.

A Bishop, you know, is not an idle man, and the Bishop of IDLEMINSTER had at that time a great many engagements in various parts of his diocese. The day following the memorable incident which had taken place in WILSON KING's quarters, he had to go to a journey of some twenty miles, to re-open a newly restored church. On his return to his Palace he found a letter awaiting him from TRIXIE ARMITAGE. It was written on extremely thick paper, with a great gilt "B." in one corner, was delicately perfumed, and began:—

"DEAR SLY-BOOTS,—I want you to come and meet me the day after to-morrow, eleven o'clock in the morning, at the cathedral. Nobody will see you if you slip in behind the screen and into the aisle where the memorial to the Black Horse is. You said you liked me, didn't you? Be sure you come.

"Ever yours,

"TRIXIE."

The Bishop's very blood ran cold. "Dear Sly-Boots"! To think that anything feminine and young and giddy and wicked should dare to address him, the Bishop of IDLEMINSTER, by any such name! To think that anything feminine should ask him to meet her in his own cathedral church, where he would have to slip round the screen and into the side aisle! The girl must be mad! He must put the letter into the fire immediately. But he didn't. On the contrary, he held it in his hand, and every now and again he passed it under his episcopal nose, to which its fragrant aroma ascended—well, like a savour which the Bishop had better have been without.

He was still sitting, cogitating, when MARGARET, his daughter, came suddenly in. "Oh, are you there, Father?"

The Bishop dropped the hand which held the letter, over the side of his armchair until it almost touched the floor.

"Yes, I came back a short time ago, my dear," he said, in his most pompous tones.

"What a nice smell there is," said MARGARET. "What is it? Are you scented, Father? Dear me, that's something new for you."

"No, my dear, no. These letters—some of them are perfumed. It's a dreadful habit," and he waved his hand as if to dismiss the subject. "Do you want anything, MARGARET?"

"Oh, yes, Father, a great many things," was her prompt reply. "I came here—to beg a little paper. That's all. I've run out of it. I'll take some of this. Yes, thank you so much."

She sighed as she went out, but she shut the door very gently and her voice had been free from anything like temper.

"A good girl, a very good girl," said the Bishop.

The question was, how was he to communicate with this young woman? He didn't like to write a letter which would in any way be a match for hers, and, yet, if he didn't write some kind of a letter, without doubt she would soon be at the door of the Palace, making revelations to the butler! So, still holding the perfumed missive in his left hand, he sat down at his writing-table and drew some notepaper towards him.

"The Bishop of IDLEMINSTER," he wrote, "much regrets that he is not able to conform with the arrangement made by Miss ARMITAGE, as he will be ten miles from Idleminster at the time indicated."

This missive he put into an envelope and addressed to "Miss BEATRICE ARMITAGE," then added the address given in her letter. By return of post he received another communication.

"DEAR SLY-BOOTS," it said, "I think it was rather rude of you to answer a first-person letter in the third, particularly when the writer was a young lady. Don't Bishops have any manners? I am sorry you can't come. I suppose you have got a good many engagements of sorts. Meet me on Thursday in the Long Walk at six o'clock. I will be on the second seat by the river. You must keep this appointment. It is most urgent.

"Yours, "TRIXIE."

"This is dreadful," said the Bishop, "dreadful!"

Even the perfumed fragrance of the letter failed to please his senses as the first one had done. Meet her in the Long Walk, the favourite promenade of half Idleminster when they wished to get the air of the river under the shade of the over-spreading trees! Preposterous! And to call him rude! It wasn't rude. It was a legitimate and perfectly well-bred snub for the way in which she had addressed him. He determined, however, that she should not call him rude a second time, so once more he took up his pen and began to write.

"DEAR MISS ARMITAGE (he said)—I regret that you should have thought me rude in writing to you in the third person. It is my custom, unless to those with whom I am on terms of great intimacy. I really cannot meet you in the Long Walk to-morrow at six o'clock in the evening. Such a proceeding would be absolutely subversive of all decorum. If you had asked me to

your house, it would have been more possible to keep the appointment; but the Long Walk is out of the question.

"Yours faithfully, "W. IDLEMINSTER."

Now, when this missive reached its destination, I must say that those in the plot against the unfortunate Bishop laughed until their sides ached, and in the midst of the laughter down plumped the Babe at his writing-desk, and indited another scented missive to the Bishop.

"DEAR SLY-BOOTS (he wrote)—It's no good. I will not be put off. If you don't come to the Long Walk to-morrow, I shall go straight to the Palace, and I will split everything to the butler."

"You mustn't say 'split,'" said WILSON KING.

"Oh, no; neither must I. I'll write it again. I'll say, 'disclose' everything. Nice ladylike word 'disclose.' Now, I should say that when his Right Reverence gets that little *billet-doux* he'll be amenable to reason; so, VERNON, you must now do your part."

"What am I to do?" said VERNON.

"Have you seen Miss CHATFIELD?"

"I saw her this morning for a few minutes."

"Did you see her yesterday?"

"I did."

"Did she tell you anything about her father?"

"Well, she said he was very much worried about something—quite unlike himself, and she could not tell what was troubling him."

"You didn't tell her?"

"I? No, not a word."

"Well, now, look here," said the Babe, smoothing down his golden hair and stroking the place where there had never yet been a sign of a moustache, "when he gets this letter he'll be taken worse, and you must put Miss CHATFIELD up to this. Tell her to ask the Bishop what's troubling him, to confide in her; and you can just tell her enough about the escapade of the other night to put her on the scent. Don't give me away—don't say that TRIXIE ARMITAGE was masquerading. But, give her a hint that there was a girl here, and that her father is in a fix. Tell her that you are perfectly able to cook the young woman's goose at any moment. Give her to understand that you are the only one of the whole regiment who has that power and—See?"

"Well, I don't exactly," said VERNON.

"No? Well, if you have the power to make and keep TRIXIE ARMITAGE mum, you'll be a very valuable person for the Bishop, the most valuable son-in-law that he could possibly find anywhere. If you only tell her the story on the outside surface, she will fall into the trap and so will he, and in the end you will get your bride."

The upshot of all this plotting was that within a week the Bishop was a changed man. TRIXIE ARMITAGE had not yet appeared at the door of the Palace, and the butler was still unaware of his master's little slip in discretion. Many letters had passed between them, but the Bishop had not yet kept any appointment with the golden-haired little lady whom he had seen in WILSON KING's quarters. The affair, however, was beginning to tell on his nerves: his high episcopal nose was getting to look very gaunt, there were black shadows under his eyes, and there was a tremulousness about his whole person which was really very pathetic.

"Dear Father," said MARGARET, one evening when the Bishop had looked round with a start and a shiver at some slight sound in the corridor without the dining-room, "what is the matter? I don't understand you these last few days. You have seemed so distressed, and so unlike yourself. What is it, Father?"

"Nothing, my dear, nothing."

"You know, Father," she went on, "they are saying very queer things about you?"

"Who are?" His face was a confession of guilt. "Who are saying queer things about me, and what sort of queer things?"

"Well, dear—would you rather I didn't tell you?"

"I would rather that you did."

"Something about the night you dined at the Barracks—a girl. I wouldn't ask, of course; but I was at Mrs. DE SAUMAREZ's to-day, and I heard some people talking about it in one of the conservatories. One of them said you were a sly dog. It seemed impossible to me that they could be talking of you; but they were, for I heard your name distinctly."

"MARGARET," said the Bishop, "there is a certain modicum of truth in the story. That night I did a most foolish thing. I have suffered the tortures of Hades ever since. This woman threatens me with all sorts of things. I will not repeat them to you. She has got me in a cleft stick, MARGARET, and if it goes on I shall have to give up my See."

"Give up your See? I never heard of such a thing! Why, Father, surely your character, your— Oh, it's absurd!"

"Perhaps it is absurd; but it is preying on my mind—it is breaking my heart. I feel like an outcast. I never had anything of this kind come into my life before. I feel like a pariah—like a leper. I'm a broken man, MARGARET."

The girl got up with an expression of infinite pity, and went round beside her father's chair. "Were the scented letters from her?" she asked.

"I believe so. Well, yes; they were."

"Ah! she must be a common sort of person. Ladies don't use that kind of note paper." She put her hand upon his shoulder, with a protecting touch. "Dear old dad," she said, "would you do anything to be free from her?"

"Anything, anything!"

"I met Mr. VERNON at Mrs. DE SAUMAREZ's to-day, and he, too, heard something of what was said. He told me that he would, if you wished it, get an undertaking from this person not to trouble you any more. She seems to be a mischievous creature, very ill-regulated but not really wicked, from all I hear. Mr. VERNON is the only one of all the officers who could get her to undertake never to approach you again."

"Do you think he could?"

"I am sure of it; but I don't see how you could ask him to do you such a great favour when you were—so very hard."

The Bishop choked. "Were you fond of him, MEG?"

"Yes, Daddy, I was."

"Then, for Heaven's sake," said the Bishop, "go and ask him to do his best for me."

John Henry Weller.